

THEY ALL DO IT.

Written and Composed by John Read Arranged by H. W. Fitchett.

Some folks will cry "Oh! shame, Mrs. Jones, you are to blame,
I never should have thought it, ma'am, of you."
While, if they'd looked at home before abroad they'd roam,
I'm positive they'd have enough to do.
Mrs. Brown says it's a sin that Mrs. Smith drinks gin,
And harbors "tally-men" from day to day;
While Mrs. Green was caught doing what she hadn't ought,
While she in self-defence was heard to say—

"They all do it, they all do it,
They all do it, though oftentimes they rue it;
Yet they all do it, they all do it,
And so it will continue to the end of the world!"

For hours three or four, lovers spooning at the door,
On any moonlight night may be seen;
Though if they want a lark they have it in the dark,
And they "do it," though they say "they didn't mean;"
When creeping down the stairs, comes the old man unawares,
And kissing catch the couple in the act;
The mother from above, says, "Don't interfere, my love,
You can't dispute this most important fact"—Cho

Old women do declare, girls should never dye their hair,
And then again they say its very wrong,
Without the least restraint their faces so to paint,
And rob the easy chair for their chignon.
Each girl a little puff, has inside a little muff.
They are never seen without it night or day;
And her pretty nose she'll powder, if a moment is allowed her,
When, if you laugh, she'll innocently say—Cho.

But what does most impress, is the style in which they dress,
It is enough to make you laugh when them you see;
They've a hat upon their heads large enough to make up beds
For pussy cats with kittens two or three.
In th-ir panniers, too, behind, if examined, you will find
The most important papers of the day;
The Chronicle and Chimes, the Telegraph and Times,
Or anything that chance throws in their way—Cho

There's my neighbor, Dinah Brown, brought two lovely boys to town,
And her husband gets but one pound per week;
You often hear him say, "If things go on this way
We'll a lodging in the Union have to seek!
For the doctor and the nurse will drain my scanty purse,
With many more expenses to defray;
Then he gets into a passion, when they tell him "it's the fashion,"
And they soothe him as they sing this truthful lay—Cho.

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